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EPISTLE

Humbly Addreſſed to the Right Honourable

JOHN, Earl of *ORRERY*.

By L. THEOBALD.

Agnoſco Procerem. ——

JUVEN.

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AN EPISTLE

Humbly Addreſſed to the Right Honourable

JOHN, Earl of *ORRERY*.

IF Grief, or dear Reſpect, have made me ſlow
To wound your Boſom with Returns of Woe,
While I preſume a Patron loſt to mourn,
And pay due Tribute o'er your Father's Urn;
If, conſcious of my weak and faltring Pow'r,
I wiſh'd, and waited, that the rolling Hour
Some Genius, fitter to the Task, might raiſe
At once to weep his Death, and ſing his Praiſe;

Forgive

Forgive the Motives, Sir, that ſway'd my Breaſt,
And choak'd a Paſſion, labouring tho' repreſt.

Forgive Me too, if, when I backward trace,
And view with Mem'ry's Eye his ev'ry Grace,
I dare confeſs thoſe Tranſports they inſpir'd;
I lov'd with equal Pace, as I admir'd:
Lov'd, yet rever'd. As Men on Beauty gaze,
But find Deſire chaſtis'd by Virtue's Blaze;
Such Awe dwelt round him, it awak'd a Fear;
Familiar Boldneſs durſt not preſs too near.
Love and Reſpect their ſtated Limits knew,
Reſpect decreas'd not, as Affection grew.
In Port majeſtick, and in Aſpect clear;
Candid, tho' grave; reſerv'd, but not ſevere.
For Condeſcenſion, ſoft'ning decent State,
Proclaim'd the *Friendly*, and preſerv'd the *Great*.

WITH what a Charm did he his Thoughts diſpenſe!
How temper the reſiſtleſs Force of Senſe!
Hold Wonder chain'd with freſh Delight to hear,
And to Attention tune the raviſh'd Ear!
Strong Eloquence, convey'd with winning Art,
Surpriz'd, yet took Poſſeſſion of the Heart:
We doubted, which we felt in moſt Exceſs,
His Strength of Reas'ning, or his mild Addreſs.

THAT Pleaſure is no more: Penurious Fate
Lends few great Bleſſings, and contracts their Date.
Heav'n's choiceſt Gifts to ſwift Diſcomfort turn,
We ſcarce can taſt 'em, e'er we're doom'd to mourn.
Your Loſs, my Lord, the common Lot tranſcends;
All bury Fathers, but All loſe not Friends.
Such Sympathy of Soul with him you ſhar'd,
Your Thoughts were kindred, as your Actions pair'd:

Congenial Virtues in two Boſoms ſhewn,
Which Neither copied, Each might call his own.
Thence Comfort dawns; that, tho' of him depriv'd,
I ſee the *Patron* in the *Son* reviv'd.

PERMIT me, SIR, to turn my Eyes on you,
And hope new Pleaſures riſing to my View.
Be, What your Father was; and ſweetly blend
A double Grace, the Patron and the Friend!
But That's a private Wiſh: --- You muſt be more;
And ſhine in all the Parts of Fame he bore:
The Abſtract of your Race! in Whom we find
The *Stateſman*, *Soldier*, and the *Scholar* join'd:
Nor thought They, ſo adorn'd, our humble *Bays*,
Wreath'd with their *Laurels*, ſtain'd the *Warrior*'s Praiſe.

O FOR a *Homer*'s Fire, or *Virgil*'s Art,
To breath the Wiſhes of my ardent Heart!

An Heart, that glows with ſuch unfeign'd Deſires
As Zeal oft prompts, but Flatt'ry ne'er inſpires!
When that ignoble Motive taints her Strain,
Puniſh the *Muſe*, my Lord, with juſt Diſdain.

FIR'D with your noble Anceſtors' Renown,
Born to outſhine their Annals with your own;
Rich in their Honours, and enlarg'd of Soul,
Come forth, and emulate the mighty Roll.
Come forth, the publick Hope, and publick Care;
And anſw'ring ev'ry Wiſh and ev'ry Pray'r.
Firm to the Rules, which conſcious Virtue lends;
Firm to your Country's Rights, and Honour's Friends:
Scorning to bow You to a Court's Controul,
With venal Voice againſt the Bent of Soul.

THUS had I wiſh'd, with Fondneſs void of Art,
And deck'd You up a BOYLE in ev'ry Part.

As if, perhaps, ambitiouſly I meant
To ſhare thoſe Glories I in Fancy lent.
But Wiſhes came too late, and loſt their Aim;
For You prevent them, and aſſert your Fame.
While tir'd Imagination laggs behind,
Lab'ring to trace the Beauties of your Mind.

VIRTUE! Unenvied, but divine Eſtate!
The rare, the beſt Companion of the Great!
The Treaſure of the Wiſe, that ſtill expands,
And ſwells, beneath the glorious Spendthrift's Hands!
That, when unwaſted, ſtill becomes the leſs;
When bleſſing Others, does its Owner bleſs.
This Wealth, my Lord, you hold in ample Store;
An ever-ſpreading, undiminiſh'd Ore:
A ſhining Maſs, ſo properly your own,
Inherited, it ſeems deriv'd from none.

If on your private Stock you e'er refin'd,
'Twas when to BOYLE an HAMILTON you join'd:
But if in That ſome Avarice you ſhew'd,
You grew a Miſer for the Publick Good.

LONG may She live, and ſtill, as now, impart
Joy to your Eyes, and Comfort to your Heart!
In ſuch rare Union bounteous Heav'n is proud
To mark its Fav'rites from th' unworthy Croud.
Still may that bounteous Heav'n propitious ſhed
Its choiceſt Influence on your Nuptial Bed!
And as the circling Years their Courſe maintain,
May Each be fruitful, till a blended Train
Of beauteous Offspring your juſt Smiles divide
The Mother's Rapture, and the Father's Pride!

NOR Thou, O BOYLE, diſdain (when Time ſhall ſpare,
And yield You vacant from the *Patriot*'s Care,)

In ſoft paternal Pleaſures to unbend;
The tender Father, and inſtructive Friend:
While, pleas'd, the blooming Heroes round you ſhine,
Patricians all in Virtue, as in Line.

FINIS.

Juſt Publiſhed,

The SECOND EDITION,

(*With the Effigies of His Lordſhip, curiouſly Engraven by Mr.* BARON,)

Written by EUSTACE BUDGELL *Eſq;*

MEMOIRS of the *Life* and *Character* of the late Earl of *ORRERY*, and of the Family of the BOYLES. Containing ſeveral Curious *Facts*, and *Pieces* of *Hiſtory*, from the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, to the preſent Times: Extracted from *Original Papers* and *Manuſcripts* never yet printed. With Two Remarkable *Speeches* of the late Earl of *Orrery's* in the Houſe of Commons; one of which occaſioned his Duel with Mr. *W——ly:* A Particular Relation of his being committed cloſe Priſoner to the *Tower* for *High Treaſon;* a Short Account of his Controverſy with the Learned Doctor *Bentley*; and ſome *Select Letters* of PHALARIS, the famous *Sicilian* Tyrant, tranſlated from the *Greek.*

------- *Te, animo repetentem Exempla tuorum,*
Et Pater ÆNEAS & Avunculus *excitet* HECTOR. Virg.

Printed for W. MEARS at the *Lamb* in the *Old-Bailey.* Price 4 *s.*